W. STEVENS, Attorney and Connector at Odiscions promptly remitted.
Orlice in Hawley's new Block, Jollet, Itl. P. INDALL & FULLER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW

BOWEN & GROVER, Attorneys & Counselors at La

R. BAILEY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, res-pactfully offers his professional services to the scopie of Johet and vicinity. Office, over Woodrun's frug Store. Residence on Hickory Street, opposite G. H. Woodruff's.

I g. STREETER, Attorney and Counselor at Law. FREE. A. BARTLESON, Attorney at Law, Joliet, Ill Collections &c., promptly attended to. July 12, 1856.

PARKS & ELWOOD, Attorneys, Counselors, Joliet, Will County, Illineis. Office, North side of the public square, Jefferson St. 8. D. ELWOOD.

Q. HILDEBRANT. Attorney and Counselor at law-will practise in Will and the adjoining counties.— ill business entrusted to him will be promptly attended Particular attention paid to the prosecution of doubt TLISHA C. FELLOWS, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor and Counselor in Chancery, will cogularly attend the Courts in the countles of Will, Du.

lags, Kenshil, McHenry, Grundyand Iroquels. Office for E. M. Beny's Drugg Store, Jefferson-st., Joliet, Ill. JANES PLETCHER, Attorney at Law. Middleport S. will attend faithfully to all her formseloration

will attend faithfully to all business entries care, in this and the neighboring counties.
Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois, II. SNAPP, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Jollet,

JACOB A. WHITHMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Middleport, Iroquois

I. REECE, German Eelectic Doctor and Occilist J., Office on Bloff-st., West side, where he may be bond at all times ready and willing to wait upon the sick and silicted. He would just say to those that are dileted with Diseases of the Eye, that he devotes the grenom of each day to that branch of his profession.

DR. A. B. MEAD, has removed his Office over E. M. Hay's Brings Store, on Jefferson st., where persons imposed to employ him can always find him when not

D 4. M. K. BROWNSON, - Copposite the Court House Da. A. L. McARTHER, Physician and Surgeon offers

If its preferrional services to the citizens of Jollet and sciency. Office in the Omnibus Block, directly over Mr. Woodruff's Drug store. Residence Ottawa st. W J. HEATH, Police Magistrate, and Justice of the Peace, Office on corner of Jefferson & Chi-age Streets, Jollet, III. Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his

 Ciliecting, paying taxes, conveyancing, and all er business pertaining to his office, Da. E. FENTON BURSON, Minooka, Grundy Co Hilinois. (Jestes 26

E. I. DUBOIS, Perwading & Commission Merchant,
Wilmington, Ill. WILMINGTON, ILL.

IBERAL advance-made to Farmers, who prefer to

Aship their grain to their friends in Chicago, or St.

Lonis.

122-1y

A. COMSTOCK. CHILL ENGINEER AND DEPUTY COUNTY SUR FRYOK. Maps and Plais drawn to order.

Mas. HARRIET KILLMER, Female Physician, of-fers her professional services to her own sex, in disterces, and the deseases insident to women and cliff on. She will also attend professional calls generally

ein East Juliet DENTISTRY.

Drs. ALLEN & SALTER, permanently located in Joliet, is prepared to perform all operations in the profession, in the latest and meet approved style. Artificial Jobs from a single Tooth to a full sett, inserted on the Atmespheric principle.

Tooth Extracted without pain.

Office on Jefferson St., in Hawley's New Building

Tetained.

The trial commenced, and we twelve state of Pennsylvana. Will take proof and acket in the designment of Deeds and other instruments to be conferenced in unit State. Office on Jeffersonst.

M. F. HAND. DENTIST .-- Office on Chicago Street, stwee DRAFTS SOLD ON NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, and MILWAUKER, WIS.,

BILLS ON EXCHA CASHED OR COLLECTED. laquire of the undersigned.
URI OSGOOD, Joliet, Illinois. MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT, CONVEYANCING DONE, AND ACENOWLEDGMENTS TAKEN BY

URI OSGOOD, Joliet, Illinois

Parton Smith, Police Magistrate, and Jus Define Peace, office on Bluff Street in Merchants Row-ellicate pleasure in waiting on all who may entrust alm with third Business of any kind in his line. 8.5. On the west Side of the River, Joliet.

Sight Exchange Sold at the lowest SECHANTS AND DROVERS BANK Mattesons Building, Banking Hours, 9 to 12, and 1 to 4.

W. G. THOMPSON,

WILL furnish Plans and Specifications, and take Contracts for, or superintend the erection of Churches, School Houses, Public Buildings and Dwell-Shop and Office on Chicago Street, near C A. A St. B. R. Denot.

T. W. FERREE. ARCHITECT & BUILDER. SHOP-BLUYF St., below Middle Bridge. Buildings designed and contracted for. All material found.

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J. A. WILLIAMS, Foreman.

J. A. WILLIAMS, Foreman. Joliet Marble Works, MARLES E. MUNGER, Manufactureranddealer i MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES. FUR-

lear the Rock Island Depot, Joliet. Illinois. Order om abroadreapectfully solicited SHOW RESPECT TO THE DEAD. CITY MARBLE FACTORY.

I LENNON, Manufacturer in every variety of Joller, it is in Joller, north of County Jail,

All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and a prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will eive prompt attention.

PAINTING AND PAPERING. informed, that we the subscribers continue the Joliet, Sept. 20, 1859.

DAID for Barley, at the Joliet Malthouse, Bluff St. E. PORTER.

If you want fine furnishing goods

JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 22, 1861.

'You ren

VOL. 19 NO. 19.

I do not Like to Hear Him Pray.

I do not like to hear him pray, Who loans at twenty-five per cent, For that I think the borrower may Be pressed to pay for food and rent; And in that book, which all should heed, Which says we after shall be blest, MAR sure as I have eyes to read, It does not say "take interest.".

For grace to spend aright the day, Who knows his neighbor has no flour I'd rather see him go to mill, and buy the fuckless brother bread, And see his children cat their hil, And laugh beneath their humble shed

I do not like to hear him pray, "Let blessings on the widow be?" Who never seeks her flome to say, "If want o'ertake you, come to me." I hate the prayers so loud and long, That's uttered for the "orphan's weat," By lefts who sees him crushed by wrong, and only with the lips doth feet.

I do not like to hear him pray, With face as long as any rail. Who never means his debts to pay, Because he can't be put in jail; For caution asks the written bond, But friendship trusts the world alone, And he's a knave where'er he's found, Who never comes the debt to own.

With jeweled ears and silken dress, Whose washerwoman toils all day, And then is asked to work for less Such pious shavers I despise; With folded hands and air demure, They lift to Heaven their angel eyes,

Then steal the earning of the poor I do not like such soulless prayers; If wrong, I hope to be forgiven, No angels wing them upward bears-They're lost a million miles from Heaven. I do not like long prayers to hear, And, studied, from the lips depart; Our Father lends a ready ear-

To DELINGUEST SUBSCRIBERS -A poetical editor adfresses his delinquent subscribers in the following musical and touching numbers:

Let words be few-he hears the heart.

How happy are they Who the editors pay, And have squared up for one year or more; Tongue cannot express The great joy of the press, When delinquents have paid their old score,

Printers all the day long Labor hard for a song-A fate that is hard, all agree; They have worked night and day, And of course want their pay To buy sugar and coffee and tea.

One would hardly believe What small sums they receive For a paper addressed to each name; But the price is so small, That the good people all Will pay up for the Kar of the shame!

A SCENE IN A JURY ROOM. A Thrilling Story.

I once had the extreme fecility of leaving my business to serve upon "the jury" I plead in all manner of ways for release, but to no effect. I could not swear that I was deaf, nor blind, nor yet non compis, but I did say that I had already formed an opinion. They asked me if my opinion would prevent me from receiving the testimony in good faith and rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that of course should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was then informed that I "would de."

The case to be tried was one of areonthen a capital offense-and the prisoner at Ambeld, whom I had known from boyhood, and who was naturally one of the finest vonths of the town where he resided. He had a widowed mother, who depended upon him for support, and his circle of friends was large and choice. I was morally cer tain that he did not commit the crime, and hence I am sure, those who were friendly to him got me on the panel, and had me retained.

a very respectable set with me-only there was one man whom I did't like to see there This man was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-faced, sinister-looking fellow-at least to me. I knew that young Ambold had one fault. He had been recently addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned, for setting fire to which he had been appre-

Now I had often tried to putsuade persuing. He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and as repeated-A many for the united states and amer.

A lean Express Companies, will forward Preight and Valuables to all points of the country. Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and proceeds returned promptly.

John J. 1858

Darton S. 1858 tive than any influe nee I could wield.— He would fall away into this evil compangained great power over him, and upon set fire to the house?"

them he wasted much of his substance. those abominable haunts of sin and pollution. Why was he upon the jury? I could Charley still supposed him to be his friend. The poor scorched insect was still ignorant of the flame that scortched him. He real-

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambold had, "with malice aforethought," and with all sorts of wicked and felonious intents, set fire to a ing human life." This dwelling, as I him Warren had gone. have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate, and where the vouthful prisoner had spent much of his

on and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them very reluctantly, and I was frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed out to the prisoner as to the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore heard him threaten to burn the house Marble Monuments, Head Stones, &c. down; and others had heard him say repeatedly that he wished it was burned down! Then came several witnessesthree of the prominent citizens-who saw him lurking about the premises on the (n2-ly) | pight of the fire.

With regard to the provocation on the prisoner's part, it was proved upon his ewn admission, that he had been ill-treated there and that he had sworn to have revenge. And furthermore, it was proved that he had been heard to say that his salvation of soul and body depended upon the destruction of that house. Next came testimony stronger still.

room where shavings and other stuff for kindling were kept. Entrance had been was by my side. He had written us again—injuries awaken revenge, and they should remember that the only way to even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our avoid them is not to turn their sterns to The fire had been set in a back basement

been partly pried open with a stout knife. This basement wall was brick, and beneath please," I said to him.

the sash was the blade of a knife which Without besitation he did so. I took i had been broken off in trying to raise the -it was Charles Ambold's knife!-

eash. The blade was recognized as belong-ing to the prisoner's knife. A maker of Almond only a month previous, and he the knife.

knew the blade at once, and swore to it.

Why sh But this was not all. The fire had been evidently set first to the shavings which lay upon the stone floor, but piled up against a wooden partition. The floor was damp, and some of the outer shavings, even were not wholly burned up. But just at the edge, where the dre commenced, lay a piece of work, to the execution of which it was made subservient. the edge, where the dre commenced, lay a piece of paper rolled up, and about half burned, and from the manner in which it hat eleven of the jury were bent on remainly, was very evident that the fire had been dering a verdict of guilty; though most of set with it. This piece of rolled paper had

ed wholly up. And this paper was found to be a part of a letter belonging to the prisoner; -a let- back he brought the district attorney and ter which he had received from a friend of the district judge and the sheriff. I told his (and a friend of mine) only a week be-fore. That friend had to come forward and them that I knew that it was no mere susswear that that piece of chared paper was a picion. And I explained, too, Warren's part of a letter he had written to the prisoner, This friend's name was Stephen Grant. He was a young merchant and the letter had been written for the purpose of inducing Ambold to reform. Stephen tried hard to avoid testifying, for he know, as did others, that the fire must have been set

moned, and he could not deny his own chirography. The case looked dark, Many witnesser good qualities; but no one could swear that he was not dissipated and degraded. That bodily life; and its existence had long been eating away his soul. Poor Charley! I had been sure of his innocence; but now I could only shake my head and pity

with that identical paper; but he was sum-

Finally he was allowed to speak for himself. He said he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. He said that he had threatened to turn that house down-that he had said about all that had been sworn to. And, furthermore, he was round the house on the night of the fire. He was not ten rods off when the flames burst forth, and he was one of the first to give the alarm. He had uttered one cry of fire when he noticed where the flames must have originated, and the thought came to him if he was found there, he might be sus | them. pected of having set the fire, so he ran away. He also said that three hours before the fire, he had been robbed in that house. His pockets had been robbed of everything in them, and his pocket-book, containing forty dollars in money, and some valuable papers, had been taken. He had gone When he got there, he saw a man hung around, waiting for him to depart -He was around by the back of the building once-and that was an hour before the fire broke out. He knew nothing -nothing .-He clasped his hands, and with his tearless. eyes raised toward Heaven, he called on

God to witness that he was innocent ! I have told you that I knew him well -I knew him so well that from that moment I know him to be innocent! I knew his very soul-I knew how free and open it was-ab, how sinfully so! I knew there pocket and had forgotten it. was no falsehsod in the story he told us. "My boy is innocent! My boy is inno-

I heard the cry-and I saw an old wothe bar was a young man named Charles companion. It was his poor mother. Her heart was well nigh broken. Yet I saw mass of spectators. The prisoner's course

more than once, he must have been intoxi- see the only safe path for any youth. cated. In short, his plea had b tter been left out. The evidence he could not shake, some of it most absurd and ridiculous. I afterwards learned that Moulton Warren oner! The government attorney made his plea. It was plain, straight-forward, and not safe.

The judge finally gave his charge. He was fair and candid. He reviewed the evidence carefully, and pointed out such as bore heavily upon the case. He told us if Charles Ambold from the course he was there was a lingering doubt in our minds we must give the prisoner the benefit of it But I could plainly see that there was no doubt in his mind.

We-the jury-were conducted to our room by an officer, and there locked up. A Warren was the first to speak. "Well," he said, "I s'pose ther's no need

others to lead the poor youth away. It effort at calmness which I at once preceiv-was Warren who had led him away to ed. The more I lookedat him the more I became strongly nervous and uneasy, wonley hak told me so when I visited him in already cold in death. his cell. I had then asked the youth if he was sure Warren was his friend. O, he was

> By-and-by, the foreman proposed that we should each take up a piece of paper pare notes. I went to my hat which I had placed upon a table with a number of others, and took out a sheet of paper. I had got half way back to the table when I found I had made a mistake. I had got part of a letter from another man's hat. I the writer of the letter arrested my attention. I locked more closely, and read-

> "And now, dear Charles, if not for your

I started as though a shot had struck me. I held in my hand the other half of the sheet which had been used to fire the burned house! I went to the table and found that I had taken it from Warren's hat! I looked up to see if I had been obback, and then took a piece from my own hat, which was of the same pattern as the my.

other, and by its side. I returned to the table and sat down .-

"Let me take your knife a moment if you

sash. The blade was recognized as belong-ing to the prisoner's knife. A maker of cuttery had made the knife to order for and, having cut my paper, I handed back

Why should he have that knife so boldly about him? I afterwards learned. He has not worn these pantaloons before since We talked for some minutes, and I found

been ignited by a match, a number of which were scattered around, and as soon as it was on fire it had been laid upon the floor, with the burning end just in the shavings. Of course, these shavings were in a blaze instantly; but the paper torch being upon the damp stones, had not burned whills up. a safe distance, I told him all. He was as tonished, and went away; when he came manner in the jury room, and his former connections with the prisoner, and his

known character. The officers went away, and at the end of ten minutes they returned, a constable add ed to their number, and this constable had a freshly written instrument in his hand. The sheriff bade me to point out the hat to them as soon as we entered the room.

The door of the room opened, and I pointed them to the hat. The sheriff took were willing to testify to the prisoner's it and asked whose it was. Warren leaped to his feet and seized it, but was held back. Word was instantly sent to the judge house had been to him indeed a region in-fernal. Its destruction cried out for his discharged, and then Moulton Warren was searched, the knife found upon him, and his behavior at once exposed his guilt .-The presence of that letter was accounted for by him in a dozen different ways within

an hour. A new jury was impaneled, and Charles Ambold was acquitted. Shortly afterward Warren was tried. It was plainly proved that the woman who kept it was to have been burned up in it, as he contrived to lock her into her room shortly after setting the fire. She had incurred his displeasure in various ways, and this was his revenge. Not only she but three of her girls had suspected him from the first, but they dared not complain, for fear he would not be

convicted, and would be sure to murder The hardened villian confessed his guild after he had been condemned, and then it was that he told how he happed to be so careless in regard to the paper and knife. It was he who had robbed Ambold, and when he took the old letter from his hat to use it for a torch in setting the fire, he did there on the night of the fire to try and not notice what it was and even when that pursuade them to give him back his money | partly burned half had been exhibited in and papers-or at least to get what he court, he had entirely forgotten that he had torn off the other half and put it back letter had been found in Ambold's pocketbook, and he had kept it, because in it the youth was warned against his influence. He confessed that he held a slight idea

of calling the writter to an acc it should become convenient. With regard to the knife, it was as I before stated. He took that also from Ambold's pocket, and put it in his own; and on the night of the fire he used it to pry up the sash, and when he had broken it he put it tack in his

Thus was Charley saved-and saved from more than an ignominous death, too. He was saved to be a noble, virtuous man and his mother once more took amyle deman sink back into the arms of a male light and joy in the love and care of her only child.

When Charles Ambold knew that Moulthat all this bad but little effect upon the ton Warren had expatiated his crimes upon the gallows, he sat down and pondered up of dissipation; his many threats against the on his past life The thoughts of his old house; and the very fact of his having been | companion being hanged sent a strange robbed and abused there were heavy against | thrill through his frame. But he was able to trace out, c'e rly and logically, this ter The counsel for the prisoner made his rible result from the course of life the illspeech, which was labored and hard. He fated man had pursued. He shuddered as was foolish enough to intimate that if his he remembered how far he had gone in the client was around at the back of the house same course himself; and he was able to Not only must be shun vice-not only keep clear of even the appearance of vice -but above all, must be shun evil companienship. A youth may make all the engaged that lawyer for the youthful pris- good resolution thought can afford, but if he continues one evil companionship, he is

The Late Col. J. A. Washington. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Elk Water, gives some particulars of the late Col. John A. Washington that have not before met our eye. A small federal scouting party were sent out to survey the right bank of the Elk Water, but had not left the outer pick et post fifteen minutes when a party of seventeen Confederate horsemen approach silence of some minutes ensued. Moulton ed them. The commander of the Confederates rode leisurely a few paces in front of his escort, and seemed totally unaware tonship, and for a while his manhood was of our bein' here a great while. Of course of any danger. Our scouts waited until One or two abandoned women had we all know that the prisoner must have the party came within short range, when, from some inexplicable reason, the coming There was something in the manner of party took the alarm, and suddenly turned And I knew that this very man who was that man as he said this which excited my their horses heads to retreat. As they did now upon the jury-this Moulton Warren curiosity-I won't say it was suspicion then so, however, the federal party fired; and -only curiosity. He spoke with a forced the officer, who in the retreat was in the rear, fell from his saddle. His escort fled leaving their commander wounded and dy-ing upon the roadside. The federal party dered why he should be so anxious to get ran up to the wounded man, and found only account for it upon the ground that rid of the case, and have Ambold convict- him partially raised upon one hard, ated. I knew that he frequented that evil tempting to grasp his pistol. As they aphouse, and that he had done much toward | proached, the dying man smiled faintly tempting Charley to dissipation. I knew and said, 'How are you boy's! give me ly believed that Moulton Warren was his that he was in that house on the night on some water.' One of the party placed his which the prisoner was robbed; for Char- canteen to the soldier's lips, but they were

A litter was made, and the body carried to head quarters, when an examination of sure of it. He should have hunted him up his person was made. Judge, if you can, certain dwelling house, thereby endanger- on the night of the robbery only they told of the suprise excited when upon his cloth ing was found the name of John A. Washington! Four balls had passed through his body, two entering either lung, and and write down our opinion, and then com- any one inflicting a mortal wound. A flag of truce was sent the next morning to the Confederates, offering to return the body and all the Colonel's effects. He was me by Lieut. Colonel Stark, of Louisiana, who was coming to our camp to demand the body. When told that Col. Washington was about to turn back, when the name of | was dead, Col. Stark was very deeply affected, and for some moments was unable to speak at all. He finally said, 'Colonel Washington's temerity killed him; he was advised not to go where he did, but he was on his first expedition, and extremely own, yet for your mother's sake, let me anxious to distinguish himself.' Color bope you will do better."

Washington was attached to the staff Washington was attached to the staff of Gen. Lee, as in person, commands the forces in our front.

> Humor pusales legic. We need not give a reason for the folly that is in us. Laugh ing is a most admirable system of stationserved-and I had not. I put the paper ary gymnastics. Don't think to get rosy on statistics and plump on political econ-

> > To vex another is to teach him to vex

A Good Day's Work.

"I've done one good day's work, if I nev er do another," said Mr. Barlow rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleas d

"And so have I." Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet dicative of a spirit of peace with itself, "Let us compare notes," said Mr. Bar-low, in the confident manner of one who knows that triumph will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work." "You, of course," returned the gentle-

hearted wife. "We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."
"No," said Mrs Barlow, "you shall give the first experience. "Very well." And full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began:

You remember the debt of Warfield, out which I spoke a few days ago?"

I considered it deeperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning.— Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield's will get a third of his claim."

"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider quite as good, About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county, for debt, at a valuation of five doltars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I should never see him again, I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant, for cash. He thinks he has a bargain; and perhaps he has; but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desireable

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jen nie, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited a few moments, and then said: "Let us hear of the yards of stitching,

and the piles of good things made-"
"No-nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice, "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehersal." "A bargain is a bargain, Jennie," said Mr. Barlow. "Word keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your estimation, for you said so. Go on. I am all attention

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But after a little more urging, she began her story of good day's work. Her voice was a httle subdued, and there was an evident shirking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," she said, "after ass some hours of self examination and self upbraidings, that, I would, for one day try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial day. Shall I go

"Yes, dear Jennie, on." The husband's buoyance of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and passive. "Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seem-ed preverse, I thought—cross, as we call it was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone of my voice that was not a loving tone. Dear little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found, just behind one of his ears, a small inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and worrysome all day.

wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my "After you went away to the store. Margot into one of her bad humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but, recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her wilfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me and started for school with a cheerful countenance, her

slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward. "But my trials were not over. Some ex tra washing was needed. So I called El len, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pair of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words to mine. Patience! patience! whispered a small still voice. I stifled with an effort, my feelings restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, I did look into Ellen's face until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion.

"'You must have forgotten yourself,' said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was bumbled at once; confessed the wrong, and something wiser, I think, than when I sum moned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed.

"Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few 1 have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not

seem much in your eyes. Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. waited almost a minute for his response. some purpose. It's my conviction that I Then he bent forward, suddenly, and kissed was born to be a martyr. But I don't comher, saying, as he did so-

"Mine was work, yours a battlesuccess, yours conquest-mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jennie, dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus :-My good works have soiled my garments, plain." while yours are without a stale, and white as angel robes. Loving monitor ! may your lessen of to-night make me a better man. to leave a young family all to themselves in Your good day's work gives a two fold

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said, in excuse: You know, doctor, that I must live.' The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful coully replied, 'be did not see the least neces-New York, on beholding an English car-

A returned soldeir says the defeat of Manasses was a steru lesson. We trust our soldiers will receive no more such; and The Rival Pilots.

A MISSISSIPPI STORY.

The Uncle Sam was the largest boat of the day, and had two of the best pilots on the river. Between these two men-whom we shall call Smith and Brown-there existed a bitter spirit of givalry. The first engineer sided with Smith, the first pilot,

he second Engineer with Brown. One day, when the boat was leaving Natches, Brown who was steering ran her a short distance down the stream in order to pass the town under a full head of

Just as he was abreast of the town, the first engineer, who was working the boat, shut the steam nearly off; nor would be Gen. McDowell commands all the troops on first engineer, who was working the boat, put it on again until they finally, and very slowly, passed the town. Brown saw the man of about forty-two, is large and strong finger of Smith in this peculiar manœuvre, ly built; his face is not particularly deliand he swore revenge-and he got it. On the next down trip, a heavy fog arose at sunset; and Smith, who at that time abaudoned the boat to Brown, ordered him to run the boat till 3 o'clock, and then tie infantry officer. His conversation, his to run the boat till 3 o'clock, and then tie infantry officer. His conversation, his to run the boat till 3 o'clock, and then tie infantry officer. His conversation, his to run the boat till 3 o'clock, and then tie infantry officer.

'Tie her up,' said Brown, 'I can run her in any such fog as there is to-night. I'll run her till twelve, and then tie up, as you are afraid ' 'I can run her any night and anywhere that you can,' replied Smith; and if you do

move her till twelve, call me then. Brown kept on for a time but the fog got heavier, and having made shure that his coadjutor was asleep, he rounded the beat to at a woodyard, and tied up. His friend the second engineer, was on duty, and according to Brown's directions, the wheel was unshipped and the steam kept

At twelve, Brown went to the wheel and sent a waiter to call Smith, who soon made his appearance, rubbing his eyes anything but pleased with the prospect before him. 'Hello!' suid Brown, 'are you there? I've called you according to orders. Now, I think you had better tie up and turn in again, or you will make a smash before

Smith, hereupon, growled out that he was able to steer any boat in any fog, and took the wheel. Brown then went below. The boat was fast to the bank, but neith er bank nor anything else could Smith

The wheels, which were unshipped. turned round with the swift current, and the splashes reached his ears; the hissing of steam in the low pressure boilers sounded all right to him; and so cursing his bad luck and Brown's obstinacy, and his own stupidity in accepting the banter, be turned the wheel now this way and now that way, expecting every moment to feel the boat strike something. A thousand times during his weary watch, did he determine to give up his desperate undertaking, and as often did pride step in, and undertermine him; and finally he made up his mind to let the worst come to the worst, he gave a tubular order to the engineer to work her very slow, and keep in.

'Heilo, Smith' said Brown 'is that you?'

'Yes,' replied Smith, pretty crossly enough. 'You have't been running all night, nave you?' Continued Brown very slyly. 'Don't you see I have?' answered poor Smith. 'Don't you know where you are? If not, you had better get your eyes sorub-

'No,' said Brown, 'I can't say that I We're just about Natchez,' was the re-

Well, now, smartly,' said Brown, have done it this time, and I wouldn't be in your boots for a whole hogshead of pig-'Well, what have I done, and what do

you mean?' demanded Smith, ferocious-'Done? Done enough!' roared Brown. 'I left the boat tied up to old Jones' plantation and you've gone and towed that down to Natchez. They'll have you up for abducation, and seduction; and nigger stealing, and obstructing the channel of

the river, and the Lord have mercy on A very moist ray of sun, peeping thro' the mist at this moment, partially disclosed the situation of the boat and shore to the astonished Smith, and darting below he remained until the boat reached Nachez. And from that time ever after neither the Uncle Sam nor the Mississippi knew him

I Don't Complain. "I'm a poor, miserable creature," remarked Mrs. Pinfeather, to a sympathising neighbor, "and always expect to be. Nong goes right with me, I never succeeded in anything I undertook, and never shall. Cut I don't complain!"

"First and last, I don't suppose there's any woman that ever underwent what I pose there's any disease you ever heard of but what I've had, or expect to have, be-fore I die. Last year I had the crysiplas and the brown creeturs, and I expect from my feelins that I'm in a consumption now. But I don't complain." "I believe there never was a family more

hard to get along with than mine. There's always something to pay. The boys get to fighting in the streets and tear their clothes, and I have 'em to mend. The girls begged my pardon. I forgave her, after don't help me a bit. There's Sarah Jane -she is always fretting and complaining about something or other. I don't know who she takes after, I'm sure. Whatever my troubles are, I never complain. "I'm always cleaning house, and it hurts

me dreadfully, and the more I clean it, the dirtier it looks. But I don't complain." "Everybody takes advantage of my being lone widow, and I can't help myself,-They don't pity me, not in the least. But I don't complain. "I used to believe in human friendship, but I don't now. I know I haven't got a

friend in the world. If I had, I should be sure to loose him. My children don't care anything about me. All they want is to get as much out of me as they can. But I don't complain." "They say that everybody was born for

living. I never get a moment's rest. I'm on my feet all day, and half the time I can't sleep nights. But I don't com-"Very likely you won't see me again. I feel I am liable to go any minute. It's hard

"I never expect to take any comfort in

this 'vale of tears. But if it should happen, I shan't complain.

Mrs. Pinfeather stopped to take a pin of snuff, and her friend, bursting into tears, exclaimed that 'she was the long suf feringest woman she ever did see."

"My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin in

Because they get good for nothing. his

riage, with three footman to livery, "well,

if it doesn't take three britishers to make a nigger !" Why are peorle who sit on free sents not likely to derive much benefit from going to

A French Estimate of Gen. Mc-Clellan and McDowell.

The American correspondent of the Opin-ion and Nationale is said to be either the Prince Napoleon or a member of his suite. and numerous peculiarities in his letters favor this idea. The Opinion, at any rate is the recognized newspaper organ of the Prince. The letter, dated Washington, August 16, contains the following:

"Gen. McClellan is a pupil of the Wes Point Academy, is a man thirty-five years old, very small in stature, with black hair and moustache, an intelligent, frank, and agreeable countenance, and of simple and modest behavior. Seeing him pass in the street, you would certainly take him for a

her up; to have steam kept up all night, character, and his principles are superior to his exterior however preposesing they may his exterior, however proposeesing they may be; he is a man as just as true; as simple as one can meet. He received a terrible check at Bull Run, and he speaks of it without bitterness, without recrimination, with an accent of sincerity, and an elevation of sentiment that do him the greatest honor. Deprieved of the supreme command in consequence of this reverse, he saw McClellan, his comrade at West Point and his junior by several years, inherit his position, and his growing popularity. He accepted without complaint or murmur an interior position under him whose mission was to repair the misfortune with which is own name was associated, Yet no one doubts that McDowell will prove the most submissive and the most devoted of the lieutenants of McClellan. McDowell, has, esides, the reputation in the army of beng a sort of philosophical stoic, a reputan o' which some of the West Point graduates are ambitious, and of which they are in some degree worthy. He drinks neither wine, tea, nor coffee; he does not smoke, and his sobriety and endurance are quite analogous with his Puritan princi-

Husbands, Love Your Wives.

Only let a woman be sure that she is ecious to her husband-not useful, not aluable, not convenient, simply, but loveg and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned ; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgent respected in matters of which she i agnizant; in short, let her only be loved. onored and cherished, in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to ber hushand, and her children, and society, a well spring of pleasure. She will bear pain and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost About sunrise, Brown, accompanied by will dull the edge of her sorrow. A house the captain and the other officers, came on with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words and looks and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out-is to a house with out love, as a person to a machine; the oue is life, the other a mechan sm.

but the latter has a spring about her, a oyonsness, aggressive and penetrating and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness at her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunshine in the house. She gleams all over, it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and and sweet surprises for her husband and ber family. She has never done with ros mance and poetry of life. She is herself a yric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household du ties and ways have for her a golden signifi cance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her nome is a paradise, not sinless, nor painless, ont still a paradise; for "Love is Henven, and Heaven is Love."

The Irish Wit Always Ready. It is now known that the surrender of Lexington was rendered a necessity by the want of ammunition, as well as by the want of water. A few of the companies had one or two rounds left, but the majority had fired their last bullet. After the surrender an officer was detailed by Price to collect the ammunition and place it in safe charge. This officer, addressing Adjutant Cogrete of the Brigade, asked him to have the ammunition surrendered. Cosgreve called up dozen men, one after the other, and ex-

hibiting the empty cartridge boxes, said to the astonished rebel officer, "I believe, sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had before we stooped fighting. Had there been any more, upon my word, you should have had it, sir. But I will inquire, and if by accident there is a cartridge left, I will let you know."

The rebel officer turned away, reflecting upon the glorious victory of having captured men who had fired their last shot. An Irishman from Battle Creck, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was some what startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him, exclaim

shtop your cryin'! you make more poise about it than the man who losht his head!"

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL .- A chaplain in one of the regiments of the Potomac narrates the case of a sick soldier, which strikingly illustrates the reasoning of many men in the camp and out of it. Some one had mentioned to the sollier the case of the Vermonter who was sentenced to be shot for elesping on his post. During the evening following the fever setting in violently, the sick man imagined that he was the man sentenced to be shot. The surgeon being called, the following conversa

'Doctor, I am to be shot in the morning, and wish you to send for the chaplain. desire to make all necessary preparation for my end."

Whoever comes to take you from here, I shall have them arrested and put under guard.' 'Will you, dear doctor? Thank youthank you-well, then, you need not send for the chaplain just yet."

The chaplain, in mentioning the instance, adds; 'How like sinners at home.' Girlhood is a beautiful season; and its from its freshness-is the very poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like

know what for we call our boy Hans?""I do not, really." "Well, I can tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans is-it is ish name."

A DUTCH REASON .- Mynheer, do

bis mate, but a married man is

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> [From the N. Y, Journal of Commerce.] Freeing the Staves.

The N. Y. Tribune very frankly sums up the entire argument in fever of making the war a war of emancipation. We suppose no advocate of this policy can be expected to add one reason in its favor to these which have been advanced by its most stendfast and consistent advocates. Here, then, is the cotire story:
"Our own view of the matter may be

succincily set firth as follows; I. Slavery is the primary and animating cause of this atrocious rebellion, which has not a single partisan who is not also a devote of slavery, while very few thorough devotes of slavery are not also partisans of

the rebell on. But for clavery there would not now be a seceded state, nor a regiment in arms against the Union. 11. The white opponents of the rebellion in the states which claim to have steeded from the Union are practically silenced— temporarity dumb. Thousands of them have been drafted or dragooned into the rebel armies; tens of thousands have been made to contribute largely to their sab-

stance to sustain those armies. The Union has scarcely one open advocate within the territory deminated over by the rebels. III. Now it will be found exceedingly difficult-we do not say impossible, but very difficult-to conquer ten millions of people, who, to all practical intents, are unanimous ic upholding the rebel cause. But, let a decree of emancipation go forth from the national capital, and four of these ten millions are at once transformed into ardent and active allies of the indivisible reputlic. They will hear of such decree within a fortnight after its issue, and will know how they are affected, and from that moment the monstrous rebei lies that the Unionists mean to kill them, sell them to Cuba, colonize them as slaves in Central America &c , will be as the idle wind .-They will be constantly planning escapes to points occupied by the Union forces; the dominant race will be compelled to distrust and watch them, and will be paralyzed by the fears of servile insurrections. In short, from the heur in which the decree of emancipation shall go forth, the four millions of slaves will have ceased to be an element of strength to the relellion, and will have become an element of positive and alarming

This reduces the entire subject to one question. The Tribune proposes to use the slaves as "ardent and active ailies to the indivisible reput lie." The long and the short of the proposition is a slave insurrestion in the south to put down the rebellion. This is frank, but it is horrible. When the Fuglish used Indians as allies in the war with their rev-ling colonies, the verdict of the world pronounced it infamous. When it was reported a short time since that the southern armies had Indians, with scalping knives and tomahawks, in their ranks, the voice of the nation stigmatized it as barbarous beyond credibility, and so it proved. From the remotest uges, a service insurrection has been regarded as the sum of all horrors. Yet here we have it proposed, by a christian journal, in a civilized city, in the most enlightened nation of the world, and not only proposed, but the oposition is made only because it will be difficult not impossible, to conquer the rebellion otherwise, and to this is added the remark, if "two or three more defeats are necessary to educate the loyal mind of the The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house as tidy as the other, It is not pretended that there is any other object than to secure the slaves as ' and active alies." Ardent, means burn-ing, furious, fierce, relentless, unrestrained. Active, means working, sleepless, seeking opportunities, and using them. Allies means, on our side in the war, and therefore enemies to the rebellion. The proposition therefore is not to divert slave property, not to frighten the rebels by the threat I destroying their fortunes, and confiscating or taking away what they own, as the penalty of rebellion. All this the act of coogress and the old punishments of treason already provided for. But the proposal is to put a knife into the hands of the servent, and say "fight your way to freedom." We do not overstate the meaning of our neighbor's article on this subject.— If we do we shall most joyfully correct our interpretation, and we beg the editors of the Tribune to tell us so at once. It may be that they have not apprehended the extent to which their own words go.

But aside from the barbarism of encouraging servile insurrections as a means of warfare among Christian people, we presume no one can fail to see the weakness of the proposition. It has already been so thoroughly exposed, that to do so is but a repetition of words. The Tribune's reasons may be answered as they are num-

1. Anti-clavery is the primary cause of the rebellion. But for anti slavery there would not now be a seceded state, nor a regiment in arms against the Union .-When the Tribune makes it plain that slavery-an existing, passive subject-is any more active than anti slavery, ive, revolutionary principle, then it might do to tell men that slavery was more the The truth lies between the two. The responsibility of the war rests on extreme men and extreme principles on both sides. Who has the greater share we will not now discuss.

hered, thus:

2 True, the Union men of the South are dumb, but proclaim abolition as your war cry, and their scaled lips will open in shouts of defiance; you will thereby make every man in the south an enemy. 3. Instead of your proclamation weakening the southern forces, it would add ten-"Blasht your soul, you owld woman, our adopting clave identrections as a part of our war material would forever unite the slave states in a war of self-preservation,

whose end we might none of us live to We do sincerely hope that the Tribune will recall this avowal. We search the pages of history and the revealed word of God, in vain for a justification of the idea, or a pulliation of its atrocity.

Vankee Stratagem.

During the Revolutionary war, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel baving the They shall not shoot you, I'll take care appearance of a merchantman, and made toward her, but to their astonishment found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing they hauled off in different directions. Only one could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on him. Finding that he could not run away, the commander had recourse to a stratagem.
On a sudden he hauled in sail, and all Girlhood is a beautiful season; and its hands were employed with setting poles, as live—its warm, uncalculating, unselfish if shoving off a back. The people on board lave so exaggerating in simplicity, so keen | the frighte, amazed at the supposed danger ther had run, and to save thesaselves fro being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce," who, as soon as night made it prudent for him, hoisted sail

The captain of a ship is not governed by put five dollars' worth of beaver on ten cents worth of brains.

in a sea two hundred fathoms deep .- Na